

COMPOSED FOR THE LEEDS FESTIVAL, 1904.

EVERYMAN

CANTATA FOUNDED UPON THE OLD MORALITY PLAY

FOR FOUR SOLO VOICES, CHORUS AND
ORCHESTRA

BY

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IN this setting of EVERYMAN, the words are almost entirely those of the old Morality Play; but much has been omitted,—often reluctantly; obsolete expressions have been avoided; and the form of that which remains has been somewhat adapted or re-arranged.

GOD SPEAKETH	CHORUS (<i>Unaccompanied</i>).
EVERYMAN	BASS.
GOOD-DEEDS	SOPRANO.
KNOWLEDGE	CONTRALTO.
DEATH	TENOR.
KINDRED AND FELLOWSHIP	CHORUS.
RICHES	CHORUS.
FIVE-WITS	SEMI-CHORUS.
REFLECTIVE	CHORUS.

EVERYMAN.

PART I.

The High Father of Heaven sendeth Death into the world to summon
Everyman to come to Him.

	PAGE
1. PROLOGUE (<i>Quartet</i>)	I
2. GOD SPEAKETH (<i>Chorus</i>)	5
3. THE ARREST OF EVERYMAN BY DEATH (<i>Solo Tenor, Solo Bass, Chorus</i>) .	12
4. EVERYMAN'S LAMENT (<i>Solo Bass and Chorus</i>)	27

PART II.

Everyman calleth in his distress, and at last he getteth comfort.

1. EVERYMAN'S APPEAL TO KINDRED AND FELLOWSHIP (<i>Solo Bass and Chorus</i>)	39
2. THE APPEAL TO RICHES (<i>Solo Bass and Chorus</i>)	60
3. THE APPEAL TO HIS GOOD-DEEDS (<i>Soli Soprano, Contralto, Bass and Chorus</i>)	75
4. SONG OF KNOWLEDGE (<i>Solo Contralto and Chorus</i>)	79
5. EVERYMAN'S PRAYER TO GOD (<i>Solo Bass</i>)	86
6. EVERYMAN'S COMFORT (<i>Trio and Chorus</i>)	94

PART III.

Everyman accompanied by Good-deeds, Knowledge, Strength, Beauty,
Discretion and Five-wits, cometh to his grave.

1. EVERYMAN'S FAREWELL (<i>Soli Soprano, Bass and Chorus</i>)	102
HE COMMENDS HIMSELF TO HIS GOD (<i>Solo Bass</i>)	108
2. EPILOGUE (<i>Soli and Chorus</i>)	110

EVERYMAN.

PART I.

Wherein is shown how the High Father of
Heaven sendeth Death into the world
to summon Everyman to
come to Him.

1. Prologue.

I pray you all give your audience,
And hear this matter with reverence,
By figure a moral play ;
The Summoning of Everyman called it is,
That of our lives and ending shows
How transitory we be all day.
This matter is wondrous precious,
But the intent of it is more gracious,
And sweet to bear away.
The story saith : Man, in the beginning
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
Be you never so gay :
For ye shall hear how our Heaven King,
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning ;
Give audience, and hear what He doth say.

2. God speaketh.

I perceive here in my majesty
How that my creatures be to me unkind,
Living without dread in worldly prosperity :
Of ghostly sight the people be so blind.
I hoped well that Everyman
In my glory should make his mansion,
And thereto I had him elect ;
But now I see that like a traitor deject
He thanks me not for the pleasure that I to him meant,
Nor yet for his being that I to him have lent ;
I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,
And few there be that asketh it heartily.
Where art thou, Death, thou mighty messenger ?

(*Death.*

Here am I, Almighty God, at Thy commandment.)

Go thou to Everyman,
And shew him in my Name,
A pilgrimage he must on him take,
Which he in no wise may escape ;
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying.

3. *The Arrest.*

Death.

I am Death that no man dreadeth.
For Everyman I arrest and no man spareth ;
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.
I set not by gold, silver nor riches,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, duke nor princes.
For an I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get.
I am Death that no man dreadeth.
For Everyman I arrest and no man spareth ;
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.

Chorus.

All to Death must be obedient.

Death.

Lo, yonder I see Everyman walking ;
Full little he thinketh on my coming ;
Everyman, stand still ; whither art thou going
Thus gaily ? Hast thou thy Maker forgot ?

Everyman.

Why askest thou ? Wouldest thou wot ?

Death.

Yea, sir, I will shew you ;
In great haste I am sent to thee
From God out of His Majesty.

Everyman.

What, sent to me ?

Death.

Yea, certainly.
Though thou dost forget Him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere.

Everyman.

What desireth God of me ?

Death.

That shall I shew thee.
On thee thou must take a long journey ;
Therefore thy book of count with thee thou bring ;
How thou hast sped thy life and in what wise,
Before the chief Lord of Paradise.

Everyman.

Full unready am I such reckoning to give.
I know thee not, what messenger art thou ?

Death.

I am Death, that no man dreadeth.
For Everyman I arrest and no man spareth ;
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.

Everyman.

O Death, thou comest when I had thee least in mind;
In thy power it lieth me to save,
Yea, an if ye will be kind,—
A thousand pound shalt thou have,
And defer this matter till another day.

Death.

I set not by gold, silver nor riches,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, duke nor princes,
For an I would receive gifts great
All the world I might get.

Everyman.

Alas, shall I have no longer respite ?
To think on thee maketh my heart sick.
Death, if I should this pilgrimage take,
And my reckoning surely make,
Shew me, for saint charity,
Should I not come again shortly ?

Death.

No, Everyman ; trust me verily.

Everyman.

O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,
Have mercy on me in my most need.
Shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial
Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead ?

Death.

Yea, if any be so hardy,
That would go with thee and bear thee company.
And now out of sight I will me hie ;
See thou make thee ready shortly,
For thou mayest say this is the day
That no man living may scape away.

Chorus.

No man living may scape away.

Everyman.

Alas ! I may well weep with sighs deep ;
Now have I no manner of company
To help me in my journey and me to keep ;
Also my writing is full unready.
The time passeth : help, Lord, that all wrought
For though I mourn it availeth nought.
The day passeth, it is almost ago ;
I wot not well what to do.

Chorus.

The time passeth : help, Lord, that all wrought,
For though he mourn it availeth nought.
The day passeth, it is almost ago ;
Everyman, what wilt thou do ?

PART II.

Everyman calleth in his distress and at last he
getteth comfort.

Everyman
calleth :

1. To Kindred and
Fellowship :

Everyman.

Ah! whither for succour shall I flee?
To my kinsmen I will truly.

Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen?

Kindred.

Here be we now at your commandment.
Show your intent and do not spare,
Yea, Everyman, to us declare
If ye be disposed to go any whither,
For wot ye well, we will live and die together.

Fellowship.

Everyman, good-morrow by this day.
Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?
If anything be amiss we pray thee say,
That we may help to remedy.

Kindred and Fellowship.

Friend, now show to us your mind;
We will not forsake thee unto life's end;
If any have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Though we on the ground be slain for thee,
Though that we know before that we should die.
In wealth and woe we will with you hold,
For over his kin a man may be bold.
Everyman, why lookest thou so piteously?

Everyman.

Commanded I am to go a journey,
A long way, hard and dangerous;
And give a straight count without delay,
Before the high judge Adonai.
Wherefore I pray you bear me company,
As ye have promised, in this journey.

Kindred.

What account is that which ye must show?
That would we know.

Everyman.

How I have lived and my days spent,
Also of ill-deeds that I have used
In my time since life was me lent;
And of all virtues that I have refused:
Wherefore, I pray you, bear me company.

Fellowship.

But if we took such a journey,
When should we come again ?

Everyman.

Nay, never again till the day of doom.

Fellowship.

Who hath you these tidings brought ?

* * *

Kindred and Fellowship.

Now, by God, that all hath bought,
If Death were the messenger,
For no man that is living to-day,
We will not go that loathsome journey.

Everyman.

Whither away, Fellowship, wilt thou forsake me ?

Kindred and Fellowship (departing).

Yea, by my fay, to God I betake thee.

Everyman.

Ah, Jesus, is all come hereto ?

* * *

2. To his Riches

Where art thou, my Goods and Riches ?
I would speak to thee in my distress.

Riches.

I lie here in corners, trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bags—thou mayst see with thine eye—
I cannot stir ; in packs, lo, I lie.

Everyman.

All my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee,
Therefore, I pray thee, go with me,
For it is said ever among,
That money maketh all right that is wrong.

Riches.

Nay, not so, I am too brittle, I may not endure.
I will follow no man one foot, be thou sure.
As for a while I was lent thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity,
My condition is man's soul to kill ;
If I save one, a thousand do I spill ;
When thou art dead, this is my guise,
Another to deceive in the same wise !

Everyman.

O false Good, cursed thou be !
Thou traitor to God, thou hast deceived me,
And caught me in thy snare.

Riches.

Marry, thou brought thyself in care,
Whereof I am glad,
I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.

Everyman.

Oh ! to whom shall I make my moan ?

* * *

3. To his Good-
deeds :

I think that I shall never speed
Till that I go to my Good-deed.
But, alas, she is so weak,
That she can neither go nor speak ;
My Good-deeds, where be you ?

Good-deeds.

Here I lie, cold in the ground ;
Thy sins have me so sore bound,
That I cannot stir.

Everyman.

O Good-deeds, I stand in fear ;
I pray thee, go with me.

Good-deeds.

I would full fain, but I cannot stand, verily.

Everyman.

Good-deeds, your counsel I pray you give me.

Good-deeds.

That shall I do verily.
Knowledge shall with you abide
To help you make that dreadful reckoning.

Knowledge.

Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide
In thy most need to go by thy side.

Chorus.

Come with Knowledge for thy redemption,
Repent with hearty and full contrition.

Knowledge.

Now go we together lovingly
To confession, that cleansing river.

Knowledge and Chorus.

4. Song of Know-
ledge.

O glorious Fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,
Wash from thee the spots of vices unclean,
That on thee no sin may be seen.
Remember thy Saviour was scourged for thee,
With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently.
So must thou, ere thou scape that painful pilgrimage;
Knowledge keep thee in this voyage,
In any wise be sure of mercy,
For your time draweth fast, and ye will saved be.
Ask God mercy and He will grant truly.

5. Everyman's
Prayer to God.

Everyman.

O eternal God, O heavenly Figure,
O Way of Righteousness, O goodly Vision,
O blessed God-head, elect and high Divine,
Forgive me my grievous offence ;
Here I cry Thee mercy in this presence :
O ghostly Treasure, Ransomer and Redeemer
Of all the world, Hope and Conductor,
Mirror of Joy, Founder of Mercy,
Which illumineth heaven and earth thereby,
Hear my clamorous complaint, though it late be ;
Receive my prayers of Thy benignity.

Chorus.

When with the scourge man doth him bind,
The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.

Everyman.

Save me from the power of my enemy,
For Death assaileth me strongly.

* * *

Knowledge, give me the scourge of Penance,
My flesh therewith shall give a quittance,
God give me grace !

Chorus.

Everyman, God give you time and space !

Everyman and Chorus.

O eternal God, Ransomer and Redeemer
Of all the world, Hope and Conductor,
Mirror of Joy, Founder of Mercy,
Which illumineth heaven and earth thereby,—

Good-deeds.

Everyman, pilgrim, my special friend,
Blessed be thou without end ;
For thee is prepared the eternal glory.

Everyman.

Welcome, my Good-deeds ; now I hear thy voice,
I weep for very sweetness of love.

Knowledge and Chorus.

Be no more sad, but evermore rejoice,
God seeth thy living in His throne above ;
Put on this garment to thy behove
Which with your tears is now all wet.
It is the garment of sorrow,
From pain it will you borrow ;
Contrition it is
That getteth forgiveness ;
It pleaseth God passing well.

6. Everyman's
Comfort :

Good-deeds.

Everyman, wear it for your heal.

Everyman.

Blessed be Jesu, Mary's Son,
Now have I on true contrition.
Let us go now without tarrying ;
Good-deeds, have we clear our reckoning ?

Good-deeds.

Yea, Everyman, I have it here.

Everyman.

Then I trust we need not fear.

Good-deeds.

I will go with thee, to be by thy side.

Everyman.

I go before ; God be our guide.

Chorus.

God be thy guide.

PART III.

Everyman, accompanied by Good-deeds, Knowledge,
Strength, Beauty, Discretion and Five-wits,
cometh to his grave.

Everyman.

1. Everyman's
Farewell :

Alas, I am so faint, I may not stand,
My limbs under me do fold ;
Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold,
For into this cave must I creep,
And turn to the earth and there to sleep.

* * *

Sweet Strength ! tarry a little space ;
Ye would ever bide by me, ye said.

Chorus.

He that trusteth in his Strength,
She him deceiveth at the length.

Everyman.

What, Beauty, whither will ye ?
Alas, she goeth fast away from me.

Chorus.

Both Strength and Beauty forsake thee,
Yet they promised thee fair and lovingly.

Everyman.

Why, Discretion, will ye forsake me?
Yet, I pray thee,
Look in my grave once piteously.

Chorus.

O all thing faileth, save God alone,
Beauty, Strength and Discretion;
For when Death bloweth his blast,
They all run full fast.

Five-wits.

Everyman, of thee now our leave we take,
We will follow the other, for here we thee forsake.

Everyman.

Now, Jesu, help! all hath forsaken me.

Good-deeds.

Nay, Everyman, I will bide with thee.

Everyman.

Have mercy, God most mighty.

Good-deeds.

Fear not, I will speak for thee.

Everyman.

Here I cry God mercy.

Good-deeds.

Short our end and minish our pain;
Let us go and never come again.

Everyman and Chorus.

Into Thy hands my soul I commend,
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost;
As thou me boughtest, so me defend,
That I may appear with that blessed host
That shall be saved at the day of doom
In manus tuas of might's most
For ever *commendo spiritum meum*.

2. Epilogue :

Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure ;
Now hath he made ending.
Methinks that I hear angels sing
And make great joy and melody,
Where Everyman's soul shall received be.
Now thy reckoning is crystal-clear :
Now shalt thou to the heavenly sphere,
Unto the which all ye shall come,
That liveth well before the day of doom.
He that hath his account whole and sound,
High in Heaven shall he be crowned.

THE END.